Goe I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breaſt.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, ſecurely I eſpie
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the tryall Marſhall, and begin.
Mar. *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby
Receive thy Lance, and heaven defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a Towre in hope, I cry, Amen.
Mar. Goe beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke,
1 *Har.* *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Soveraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here ſtandeth *Tho. Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his Soveraigne, and to him diſloyall:
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin. *A charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes, what we decree.
A long flouriſh.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our councell we have done.
For that our Kingdomes earth ſhould not be foyld
With that deare blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our eyes doe hate the dire aſpect
Of civill wounds plough'd up with neyghbours ſwords,
Which ſo rouz'd up with boyſtrous untun'd drummes,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire Peace,

And

of Richard

And make us wade even in
Therefore, we baniſh you ou
You Coſin Hereford, upon
Till twice five Summers hav
Shall not regreet our faire D
But tread the ſtranger paths
Bul. Your will be done:
That Sunne that warmes you
And thoſe his golden beames
Shall poynt on me, and gild
Rich. Norfolke: for thee r
Which I with ſome unwillin
The ſlye ſlow houres ſhall n
The dateleſſe limit of thy de
The hopeleſſe word, of never
Breathe againſt thee, upon pa
Mow. A heavy ſentence my
And all unlook'd for from yo
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe
As to be caſt forth in the comm
Have I deſerved at your High
The Language I have learn'd
(My native Engliſh) now I m
And now my tongues uſe is to
Then an unſtringed Vyoll, or
Or like a cunning Inſtrument
Or being open, put into his ha
That knowes no touch to tune
Within my mouth you have en
Doubly purcullist with my tee
And dull, unfeeling, barren ig
Is made my gaoler to attend
I am too old to fawne upon a
To farre in yeares to be a pupi
What is thy ſentence then, but
Which robs my tongue from br
Rich. It boots thee not to be
After our ſentence, plaining co

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19)